

CDC
THIS MAGAZINE IS
HAUNTED

THIS MAGAZINE IS

10¢

N°15

HAUNTED

A CHARLTON PUBLICATION

HEH! HEH!!! THIS SILLY
FOOL THOUGHT HE COULD COVER
UP THE FOOTSTEPS OF A
GHOST... HMM...



RICK GRANDE

WEBGOMIC UNIVERSE.COM



Check the Kind of Body YOU Want! RIGHT IN THE COUPON BELOW

...and I'll Prove How EASILY You Can Have It!

Charles
Atlas

Awarded the
title of "The
World's Most
Perfectly De-
veloped Man."

Photo by
John D. Morris

JUST tell me where you want it—and I'll add SOLID INCHES of powerful new muscle SO FAST your friends will grow bug-eyed with wonder!

Do you want me to broaden your shoulders—put trip-hammer power in both your arms—make your legs two pillars of strength? Then just check what you want below. I'll prove you can get it in just 15 minutes a day—in your own home—or it won't cost you a penny!

I don't care if you are 15 or 50 years old—or how ashamed of your present physical condition you may be. I can give you a "barrel chest" and a vase-like strip. I can shoot new strength into your old backbone, exercise those inner organs—help you train your body so full of pep, vigor and red-blooded vitality that you won't feel there's even "standing room" left for weakness and that lazy feeling. I'll

ARE YOU
Sleepy, Weak and
run down?
Always tired?
Nervous?
Lacking in con-
fidence?
Constantly ill?
Suffering from bad
digestion?
Fat and fussy?
Want to lose
or gain weight?
Want to go
ABOUT IT SO
in MY FREE BOOK

to my present superman physique! Thousands of other fellows are becoming marvelous physical specimens—my way. I give you my gadgets—my secrets—my methods. When you have learned to develop your strength through "Dynamic Tension" you can laugh at the artificial muscle-makers. You simply utilize the DORMANT muscle-power in your own God-given body—watch it increase and multiply double into real solid LIVE MUSCLE.

My method—"Dynamic Tension"—is the easiest, the best, the truest for you. No theory—no test! Spend only 15 minutes a day in your own home. From the very start you'll be using my method of "Dynamic Tension" almost unconsciously every minute of the day—walking, bending, sitting, etc. Build UP THE MUSCLE and VITALITY you want. And you'll be using the method which many great athletes use for keeping in condition—prize fighters, wrestlers, baseball and football players, etc.

FREE

Illustrated 32-
Page Book. Just
Mail the Coupon.

SEND NOW for my famous book, "Everlasting Health and Strength." Over 3½ MILLION fellows have sent for it already. It contains 32 pages, packed from cover to cover with actual photographs and valuable advice. Shows what "Dynamic Tension" has done for others, answers many vital questions. Page by page it shows what I can do for YOU.

This book is a real prize for any fellow who wants to be better built. Yet I'll send you a copy absolutely FREE. Just glancing through it may meet the turning point in your whole life! Check the information you want (in the coupon below) and return it to me personally. CHARLES ATLAS, Dept. 32512, 1115 East 23rd St., N. Y. 10, N. Y.



Here's The Kind of Results I Get:

"I gained 11 lbs. and 4½ inches on my chest, 3 inches on my arms. I am never constipated."

—Henry Nevin, Conn.

"I gained 34 lbs. and increased my chest 6 inches!"

—Stanley Lynn, Calif.

"What a difference! I have put 3½ inches on my chest (normal) and 2½ inches expanded."

—F. S., New York

"Gained 29 lbs. When I started

you course I weighed only 141. Now I weigh 170."

—T. E., New York

"The benefits are wonderful. The first week my arm increased one inch, my chest two inches."

—E. M., Conn.

"You changed me from a weakling to a real man. My chest has gone up 6 inches. I am a solid mass of muscle."

—J. W., Missouri

dynamo! You'll feel and look different. Man, you'll begin to LIVE!

WHAT'S MY SECRET?

"DYNAMIC TENSION"! That's the ticket! The identical natural method that I myself developed to change my body from the scrawny, chested weakling I was at 17

CHARLES ATLAS, DEPT. 32512

115 East 23rd St., New York 10, N. Y.

Dear Charles Atlas: Here's the kind of Body I Want:

(Check as many as you like)

More Weight—Solid—is The Right Place
 Broader Chest and Shoulders
 More Powerful Arms and Grip
 Slimmer Waist and Hips
 Better Regularity, Digestion, Clearer Skin
 More Powerful Leg Muscles
 Better Sleep, More Energy

Send me absolutely FREE a copy of your famous book "Everlasting Health and Strength"—32 pages—filled with practical answers to vital health questions, and valuable advice. I understand this book is mine to keep and send me for it does not obligate me in any way.

Name _____ (Please print or write plainly)

Address _____

City _____ State _____

If under 14 years of age check here for blanket A.

THIS MAGAZINE IS HALTED, February, 1951, Vol. 3, No. 15, is published bi-monthly by Charlton Comics, Charlton Building, Derby, Conn. Entered as second class matter, June 12, 1951, at the post office, Greenwich, Conn. Additional entry at Derby, Conn. Copyright 1951 by Charlton Comics. Send remittance and letters concerning subscriptions, change of address, etc., to Circulation Dept., Charlton Building, Derby, Conn. Subscription rate 12 issues for \$1.20 in U. S. possessions & Canada. Foreign, \$1.70 in International money order. U. S. funds. Designed by Al Page Studio.

Printed in U. S. A.

THIS MAGAZINE IS **HAUNTED**

Executive Editor
ALFRED V. FAGG

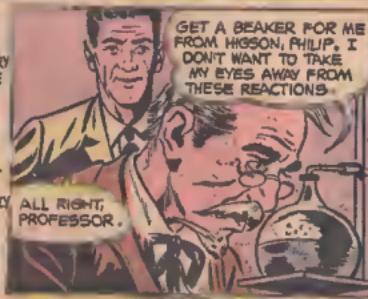
Editor
BLANCHE HODGES

HORROR IN DUPLICATE!

CLUTCHING FINGERS REACHED OUT FROM ANOTHER WORLD...STRETCHING FOR THE UNWARY...PILE TERROR UPON TERROR! WHO KNOWS WHAT MAN MAY BE THE NEXT VICTIM OF THE HORROR THAT LIES WAITING AROUND US...THE HORROR IN DUPLICATE!



IT WAS IN THE MIDST OF THE HERMES RADIOLOGICAL LABORATORY THAT THIS STRANGE STORY BEGAN. PROFESSOR HUGH CLARKSON, CHIEF OF THE LAB WAS ENGAGED IN AN IMPORTANT EXPERIMENT AS HE TALKED ABSTRACTLY TO HIS YOUNG ASSISTANT, PHILIP TRAGER...



HIGSON...DO YOU MIND IF I...

WHY DON'T YOU WATCH WHAT YOU'RE DOING? COMING HERE...BOTHERING ME...DISTURBING ME WHEN I'M CONCENTRATING! STAY WHERE YOU BELONG!



THIS MAGAZINE IS HAUNTED

"WORDS OF FURY POURED FROM DR. HIGSON'S LIPS... HIGSON, WHO HAD ALWAYS BEEN SUCH A KIND, MILD-MANNED MAN..."

"CAN'T ANY WORK BE DONE AROUND HERE WITHOUT PEOPLE BARGING IN ALL THE TIME... MAKING NUISANCES OF THEM-SLEVES..."

"ALL RIGHT, HIGSON, I'M SORRY!"

"DID YOU NOTICE THE WAY HIGSON ACTED? WHAT'S GOT INTO HIM?"

"NOT ONLY HIGSON... BUT JENKINS AND SATTERLEE AS WELL. I... I THINK I KNOW WHAT THE TROUBLE IS... AND IT FRIGHTENS ME!"



"BUT WHAT ON EARTH COULD CHANGE MEN LIKE THAT... MAKE SNARLING, MEAN PERSONALITIES OUT OF PLEASANT PEOPLE? I CAN'T UNDERSTAND IT!"

"THAT'S JUST IT! IT ISN'T ANYTHING ON EARTH! IT'S SOMETHING FROM BEYOND THE EARTH!"

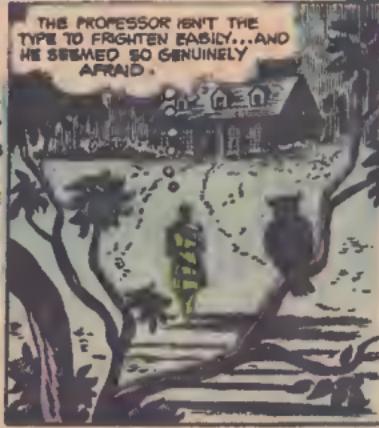
"WHAT KIND OF NONSENSE IS THAT? I THOUGHT YOU..."

"DON'T SAY ANY MORE, PHILIP! HIGSON'S COMING... AND I DON'T WANT HIM TO HEAR. COME TO MY HOUSE TONIGHT, AND I'LL TELL YOU ALL ABOUT IT!"



"PHILIP TRAGER WAS A PUZZLED MAN THAT EVENING AS HE MADE HIS WAY TO PROFESSOR CLARKSON'S LONELY HOME. THIS CHANGE IN THE PERSONALITIES OF HIS FELLOW WORKERS WAS BAD ENOUGH... BUT THE PROFESSOR'S HINT THAT STRANGE FORCES WERE RESPONSIBLE FOR THE CHANGE BROUGHT A PREMONITION OF TERROR."

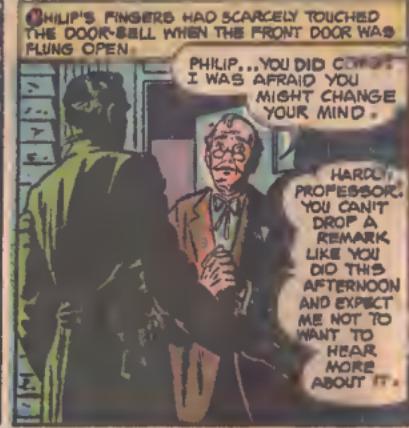
"THE PROFESSOR ISN'T THE TYPE TO FRIGHTEN EASILY... AND HE SEEMED SO GENUINELY AFRAID..."



"PHILIP'S FINGERS HAD SCARCELY TOUCHED THE DOOR-BELL WHEN THE FRONT DOOR WAS PULLED OPEN."

"PHILIP... YOU DID COME. I WAS AFRAID YOU MIGHT CHANGE YOUR MIND."

"HARD PROFESSOR, YOU CAN'T DROP A REMARK LIKE YOU DID THIS AFTERNOON AND EXPECT ME NOT TO WANT TO HEAR MORE ABOUT IT."



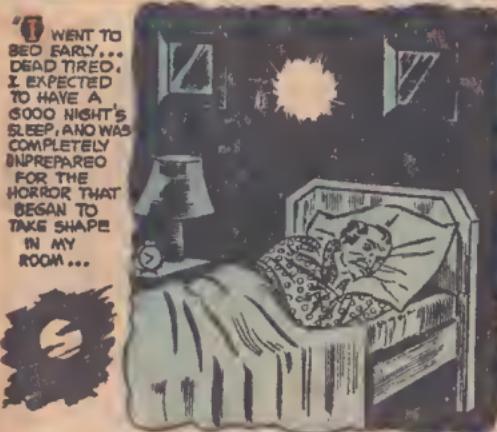
THIS MAGAZINE IS HAUNTED



SIMPLY THIS! I DON'T BELIEVE THE MEN WORKING IN THE LAB ARE REALLY HIGSON, OR JENKINS...BUT ARE OTHERS...DUPLICATES OF HIGSON AND JENKINS!



1 WENT TO BED EARLY... DEAD TIRED. I EXPECTED TO HAVE A GOOD NIGHT'S SLEEP, AND WAS COMPLETELY UNPREPARED FOR THE HORROR THAT BEGAN TO TAKE SHAPE IN MY ROOM...



IT WAS A LOW RUMBLING SOUND THAT AWAKENED ME...

GOOD LORD! W-WHAT'S THAT?



1 THE SWIRLING MIST THAT FILLED THE STRANGE AREA GRADUALLY CLEARED, AND...



1 STEPPED CLOSER AND FOUND MYSELF STARING AT A GROUP OF MEN WHO WERE LOOKING OUT AT ME!

I HAVE BEEN WAITING TO SEE YOU!

Y-YOU LOOK EXACTLY LIKE ME! NN-WHO ARE YOU? AND WHO ARE THOSE OTHERS?



THIS MAGAZINE IS HAUNTED

YOU WILL FIND OUT SOON ENOUGH
...WHEN YOU JOIN THEM!

"THIS WEIRD DUPLICATE OF
MYSELF REACHED IN
AND TRIED TO
PULL ME
THROUGH INTO
THE UNBELIEV-
ABLE WORLD
IN WHICH
HE LIVED !
HIS TOUCH
WAS COLD AND
CLAMMY AND I
JUMPED BACK
AS THOUGH
A SNAKE
HAD GRIPPED
MY ARM .

STAY
AWAY
FROM
ME !

YOU WON'T ESCAPE ME FOREVER, PROFESSOR,
CLARKSON ! THE TIME IS SHORT AND SOON I'LL
BE ABLE TO COME THROUGH INTO YOUR WORLD
AND TAKE YOUR PLACE ...LIKE THE OTHERS !

BUT
PROFESSOR
...WHAT
DO YOU
THINK IT
MEANS ?

THAT STRANGE WINDOW INTO ANOTHER WORLD
DISAPPEARED IN THE NEXT INSTANT AND BY
THE TIME I'D RECOVERED FROM THE SHOCK,
I CAME TO THE ONLY POSSIBLE CONCLUSION !

AROUND US...UNSEEN BY US...POSSIBLY IN
ANOTHER DIMENSION...IS ANOTHER WORLD
...A WORLD CONSISTING OF OUR DUPLI-
CATES. THE DUPLICATES ARE LIKE US IN
EVERY WAY...
EXCEPT THAT
THEY ARE EVIL !
THEY'RE CON-
STANTLY TRYING
TO GET THROUGH
TO US, TO
TAKE OUR
PLACE AND
FORCE US
BACK INTO
THEIR WORLD !

DON'T YOU SEE ? ALL THROUGH HISTORY
THERE ARE RECORDS OF FINE MEN
SUDDENLY CHANGING...SUDDENLY DOING
EVIL THINGS ! IT'S BECAUSE THEY'VE BEEN
FORCED INTO THE OTHER DIMENSION AND THEIR
DUPLICATES TOOK THEIR PLACES IN OURS ! AND
THAT'S WHAT HAPPENED TO HISSON, JENKINS
...AND THE OTHERS...AND I'M AFRAID IT
WILL HAPPEN TO ME !



SOMETHING ABOUT THE RADIOACTIVITY
IN THE LAB MUST MAKE US PARTICULARLY
SUSCEPTIBLE TO THE EVIL
DUPLICATES...AND I MAY HAVE BEEN
EXPOSED LONG ENOUGH BY NOW !
I...I WANT YOU TO STAY WITH ME
TONIGHT, PHILIP...JUST IN CASE !

ALL RIGHT,
PROFESSOR...BUT
I THINK YOU'VE
PROBABLY JUST
HAD A BAD DREAM.
I'LL HAVE TO GO HOME
TO GET SOME THINGS.



THIS MAGAZINE IS HAUNTED

ALTHOUGH PHILIP TRAGER THOUGHT THE STORY HE'D HEARD MIGHT BE THE REACTION OF AN OVERWORKED MIND, THERE WAS NO DENYING THE STARK TERROR IN PROFESSOR CLARKSON'S EYES.

YOU...YOU WON'T BE LONG, I WILL YOU ? I...I DON'T WANT TO BE ALONE.

I'LL BE BACK AS SOON AS I CAN !

AS HE WALKED AWAY FROM THE ATMOSPHERE OF FEAR, THE YOUNG ASSISTANT MADE A SUDDEN AND NEW DECISION.

I--I WONDER IF THE PROFESSOR COULD BE LOSING HIS MIND ? MAYBE I'D BETTER SPEAK TO DR. HIGSON ABOUT IT.

I...I'D LIKE TO TALK TO YOU, DR. HIGSON, FOR A MINUTE...ABOUT PROFESSOR CLARKSON.

OH...ALL RIGHT ! COME IN AND I'LL PUT ON THE LIGHTS !



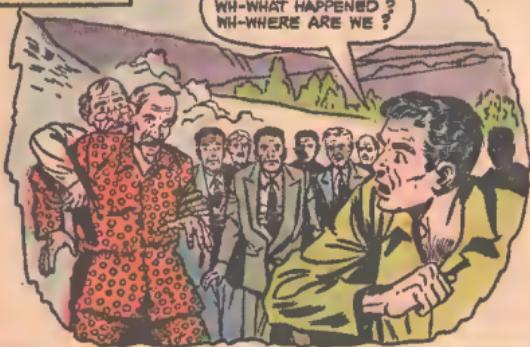
THIS MAGAZINE IS HAUNTED



THIS MAGAZINE IS HAUNTED

THERE WAS A MONSTROUS PAIN... A WRENCHING AND TWISTING... AND THEN OBLIVION ! AS PHILIP TRAGER SLOWLY ROSE FROM THE PIT OF BLACKNESS, HIS MIND WAS FILLED WITH THE TERROR OF HIS SITUATION .

WH-WHAT HAPPENED ?
WH-WHERE ARE WE ?



AND THEN HE KNEW !

W-WE'RE IN THE OTHER DIMENSION... THE OTHER WORLD ! I... I CAN SEE THE ENTRANCE BACK TO OUR WORLD... TO YOUR ROOM ! MAYBE WE CAN GET BACK !

I... I CAN'T !
M-MY STRENGTH
SEEMS TO BE
ALL GONE...
SOMETHING
ABOUT THIS
PLACE HAS
WEAKENED
ME !



BUT I
DON'T
FEEL
WEAK ...
FOOL ! WHY SHOULD YOU ? YOU WEREN'T
EXPECTED TO BE BROUGHT HERE AT THIS
TIME... AND YOUR DUPLICATE WAS NOT
WAITING FOR YOU ! BUT HE WILL BE
HERE SOON ...



HE WON'T FIND
ME HERE WHEN
HE DOES COME !



THE EVIL DUPLICATES FROM THE UNKNOWN WORLD CLOSED
IN ON PHILIP TRAGER AND HE KNEW THIS STRUGGLE WAS
FOR MORE THAN HIS LIFE ! HIS VERY SOUL WAS AT STAKE.

WITH A SUDDEN SURGE OF STRENGTH, TRAGER
BROKE THROUGH THE RING AROUND HIM AND
RACED TOWARDS THE PROFESSOR .



YOU'LL NEVER
GET ME !

PHILIP ! THIS WAY !

MY STRENGTH
RETURNED ! WE
MIGHT BE ABLE
TO MAKE IT !



GO AHEAD !
I'LL BE RIGHT
BEHIND YOU !

THIS MAGAZINE IS HAUNTED



THEY STUMBLED THROUGH WITH ONLY SECONDS TO SPARE...EVIL CLUTCHING AT THEIR HEELS.

THEN AS THEY TURNED, PREPARED TO RENEW THE STRUGGLE...



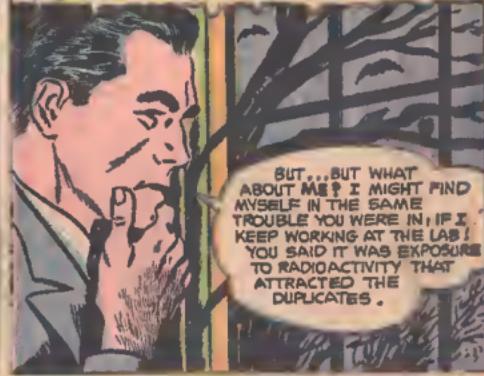
TH-THE OPENING INTO THE OTHER WORLD IS DISAPPEARING! THEY'RE NOT FOLLOWING US!

IF IT HAPPENED ONCE, IT CAN HAPPEN AGAIN. YOU'D BETTER STOP WORKING AT THE LAB... GET AWAY FROM THE RADIOACTIVITY!

I DON'T THINK IT'LL BE NECESSARY NOW, PHILIP. I'M SURE THE DANGER HAS PASSED... AND ANY FURTHER EXPOSURE TO THE FORCES IN THE LABORATORY WON'T HURT ME AT ALL.



YOUNG TRAGER WAS MOMENTARILY PUZZLED BY PROFESSOR CLARKSON'S CHANGE OF HEART.



I'M NOT WORRIED ANY MORE, PHILIP, SO WHY SHOULD YOU BE? NOW GO HOME AND GET A GOOD NIGHT'S SLEEP... AND I'LL MEET YOU AT THE LAB TOMORROW MORNING... AS USUAL...

ALL RIGHT, PROFESSOR... BUT I... I HOPE YOU KNOW WHAT YOU'RE DOING!



THE BITING CHILL OF THE NIGHT AIR WAS A WELCOME RELIEF FROM THE THREATENING OPPRESSION OF THE PROFESSOR'S HOUSE, BUT PHILIP TRAGER COULDN'T RID HIMSELF OF THE SENSE OF IMMINENT TERROR.

I... I WISH I FELT AS POSITIVE OF SAFETY AS THE PROFESSOR DOES.



THIS MAGAZINE IS HAUNTED

DAY FOLLOWED DAY, AND BOTH TRAGER AND THE PROFESSOR CONTINUED WORKING AT THE LABORATORY AS THOUGH NOTHING HAD HAPPENED. YET PHILIP COULDNT HELP BUT FEEL A GROWING TENSION...AN ATMOSPHERE OF UNSPOKEN HORROR...A NERVOUSNESS THAT DIDNT SEEM TO BE SHARED BY PROFESSOR CLARKSON.

RELAX, PHILIP... YOU'RE AS JUMPY AS A CAT !

I...I CAN'T HELP IT ! I KEEP THINKING ABOUT WHAT ALMOST HAPPENED TO YOU... AND I FIND MYSELF ALMOST AFRAID TO FALL ASLEEP AT NIGHT.

WHAT YOU NEED IS A LITTLE COMPANY ! HOW ABOUT MY DROPPING OVER TO YOUR PLACE TONIGHT FOR A LITTLE VISIT ?

THAT'LL BE WONDERFUL ! MAYBE IT'LL HELP ME GET MY MIND OFF MYSELF !

THE SHADOW OF FEAR WAS A LIVING THING THAT HOVERED OVER THE TWO MEN THAT NIGHT !

AS SOON AS YOU FEEL ASSURED...AS I AM...THAT THE TERROR IS OVER...



PHILIP'S REASON WAS STRAINED TO THE BREAKING POINT AS HE WATCHED THE DULL RED SPOT GROW INTO A LARGE AREA OF SWIRLING MIST...TWISTING AND TURNING AS THOUGH WITH THE FORCE OF EVIL. THEN IT CLEARED AND HE WAS ABLE TO SEE... ABLE TO STARE AT THE FACE OF...

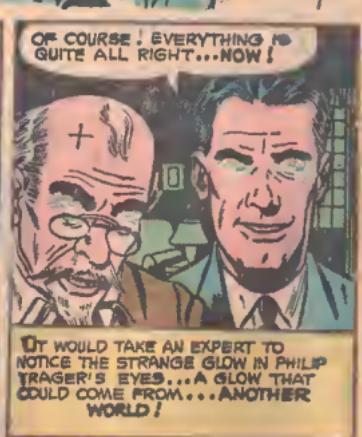


NO ! YOU CAN'T ! I WON'T LET YOU TAKE MY PLACE IN THIS WORLD !

I'M AFRAID YOU HAVE NO CHOICE IN THE MATTER !



THIS MAGAZINE IS HAUNTED



THIS MAGAZINE IS HAUNTED

THERE WAS EVIL IN THAT HOUSE, EVIL BEYOND THE POWERS OF REASON AND A GRIM SECRET NOT EVEN STONE WALLS COULD HOLD!

The CORPSE in the HOUSE

FOOTPRINTS! FOOTPRINTS ON THE CEILINGS!
IT'S GILL! HE'S RETURNED TO TORMENT ME.

AH! EEE!



TOM MASON HATED HIS PARTNER GIL HAGGARD. AND AS THEY WORKED SIDE BY SIDE ON THE CONCRETE WALLS OF THAT BUNGALOW HIS BITTERNESS AND RESENTMENT GREW DAY BY DAY.

POUR IT SMOOTH, TOM. IT'S THE MOST IMPORTANT JOB WE EVER DID. THIS PLACE IS GOING TO BE HOME FOR PAULA PAULA MARRIED TO HIM! WHY DOES HE KEEP REMINDING ME? WHY?



I KNOW YOU WERE GOING OUT WITH PAULA BEFORE I MET HER, TOM; I KINDA HATED TO TAKE HER AWAY FROM YOU, BUT I KNOW YOU WISH ME THE BEST.

HE'S TAUNTING ME, TOVING WITH ME LIKE A CAT WITH A MOUSE. I'LL KILL HIM! KILL HIM!



IT WAS AT THAT MOMENT THAT TOM MASON'S EVIL PLAN SPARKS INTO BING... FULL-BLOWN IN ALL ITS ENORMOUS MALEVOLENCE.

TOM, LOOK INSIDE THERE. THERE'S SOMETHING WRONG WITH THE MIXER!

HERE, LET ME SEE.



THIS MAGAZINE IS HAUNTED

A SUDDEN PUSH ---
AND GIL WAS
PLUNGING FORWARD,
HIS BRAIN
BICK
WITH
FEAR AS
THE SLIMY
MIXTURE
WITHIN
REACHED
UP TO
SWALLOW
HIM.



AND AS THE GREAT DRUM OF
THE MIXER BEGAN TO TURN...
THE NOISE AND POUNDING WITHIN
GURGLIED AWAY INTO AN UNEARTHLY
SILENCE!



AND SOON ---
THE CONCRETE WALL. IT'S PER-
FECT! NO ONE WILL EVER FIND
OUT!



AND NOW, PAULA WILL BE MINE
AGAIN --- MINE! AND THIS TIME
NO ONE WILL TAKE HER
FROM ME!



IN THE DAYS THAT FOLLOWED, TOM
WAS A CONSTANT COMPANION TO PAULA
--- COMFORTING HER IN HER
BEREAVEMENT.

OH, TOM, GIL MISLED
ME SO! AND NOW
JUST BEFORE THE
WEDDING HE DESERTS
ME --- ALL MY DREAMS
OF HAPPINESS ARE
RUINED. I'M
ALONE NOW.



THIS HOUSE --- I
COULD FINISH IT;
PAULA, FOR US
--- IF YOU'LL JUST
SAY THE
WORDS.



SHE'S MINE NOW AND GIL
CAN LIE AND ROT WITHIN
THOSE WALLS --- TORMENTED
BY MY HAPPINESS THE WAY
HE ONCE TORMENTED ME!



THIS MAGAZINE IS HAUNTED

AND SO, IN THE WEEKS THAT FOLLOWED, TOM LABORED TO COMPLETE THE LITTLE BUNGALOW...THE LOVE NEST THAT HELD SO FEARFUL A SECRET ENTOMBED WITHIN ITS WALLS.

PAULA, DARLING! WHAT ARE YOU DOING HERE THIS TIME OF DAY?

I CAN'T STAY AWAY, DARLING WHEN I KNOW YOU'RE SO BUSY BUILDING OUR HOME, AND OUR FUTURE HERE!

THE THOUGHT THAT YOU'RE DOING EVERYTHING HERE WITH YOUR OWN TWO HANDS MAKES EVERY NOOK AND CORNER OF THIS HOUSE PRECIOUS TO ME, TOM DARLING.

BUT TOM MASON'S HAPPINESS WAS BORROWED FROM THE DEAD, FOR THE EVIL HE HAD DONE WAS A LIVING THING THAT COILED LIKE A DARK UNFATHOMABLE FORCE THAT NO WALLS COULD HOLD. AND ONE DAY—



GIL, HE'S IN THERE, TORMENTING ME—LAUGHING AT ME.



NO ONE MUST EVER SEE THIS! NO ONE!



IN THE TORTURED DAYS THAT FOLLOWED, THOSE GRIM SYMBOLS OF HIS DEED MARRED THE CEILING AGAIN AND AGAIN, AND EACH TIME, TOM COVERED THEM HASTILY UNTIL ONE DAY---

DARLING---THIS LIVING ROOM---IS IT MY IMAGINATION, OR IS THIS CEILING LOWER THAN THE OTHERS?

ER---YES, PAULA... ER---LOW CEILING LIVING ROOMS ARE COMING INTO FASHION... I THOUGHT YOU'D LIKE IT.



THIS MAGAZINE IS HAUNTED

AT LAST THE SPECTRAL PHENOMENON CEASED AND TOM CONGRATULATED HIMSELF / BUT HIS VICTORY WAS ONLY TEMPORARY, FOR IT WAS THE VERY NEXT WEEK THAT HE FIRST NOTICED A FAINT, UNDESCRIBABLY EVIL ODOR ABOUT THE HOUSE.

UGH ! IT'S LIKE THE SCENT OF ROTTING FLESH . . . GIL'S BODY . . . IT MUST BE DECAYING AND THE ODOR'S BREAKING THROUGH THE WALLS .



WHAT WILL I DO ? PAULA WILL BE HERE THIS AFTERNOON . . . IF SHE Notices ANYTHING I'M SUNK .



WE SPRAYED THE ROOM WITH DEODORANTS, DOSED THE WALLS WITH CHLOROPHYLL BUT NOTHING HELPED. THE VERY REEK OF DEATH WAS IN THE AIR !

IT'S HOPELESS. I CAN'T GET RID OF THE SMELL . . . I CAN'T . . .



BUT ODDLY ENOUGH WHEN PAULA ARRIVED . . .

DARLING, DO YOU SMELL ANYTHING IN THE HOUSE ? A DISAGREEABLE ODOR ?

WHY NO , TOM . . . WHY DO YOU ASK ?



IT'S NOTHING, NOTHING, DARLING . . .

SHE CAN'T SMELL IT BUT I KNOW IT'S THERE . . . GIL'S BODY --- BIDING ITS TIME WITH IN THE WALLS . . . WAITING . . . WAITING .



PAULA LOVED THAT LITTLE BUNGALOW, AND PERHAPS THAT'S WHY SHE PLANNED TO HOLD THE WEDDING THERE. HOW COULD SHE KNOW WHAT UNHOLY EVENTS HAD TRANSPRIED IN THESE WALLS ? OR WHAT A GRIM CLIMAX WAS IN STORE FOR HER PLANS. FOR AS THE CEREMONY BEGAN ---

DEARLY BELOVED, WE ARE GATHERED HERE ---

WHAT'S THAT ? SOME WARM LIQUID DROPPING ON MY HEAD . . .



WARM AND STICKY . . . IT'S BLOOD ! DROPPING FROM THAT STAIN ON THE CEILING !



IT'S GIL UP THERE STILL TORTURING ME, STILL TRYING TO FRIGHTEN ME, BUT I MUSTN'T LET HIM GET AWAY WITH IT NOW. I'VE GOT TO KEEP MY NERVE .



PRIMEVAL
FEAR WAS
SURGING
THROUGH
HIS VEINS,
BUT TOM
MASON
GRITTED
HIS TEETH
AND HELD
ON TO HIS
SANITY AS
HE LISTENED
TO THE
CEREMONY.

IF ANY MAN CAN SHOW JUST CAUSE
WHY THESE TWO MAY NOT BE
JOINED IN LAWFUL MATRIMONY,
LET HIM NOW SPEAK OR HERE-
AFTER FOREVER HOLD HIS
PEACE.

THE GRIM
WORDS
ECHOED
THROUGH
THE ROOM
LIKE AN
UNFATHOM-
ABLE PORTENT.

THEN
SUDDENLY,
THE
COMPANY
STARED
ASHAST AS
THE CEILING
ABOVE THEM
CRACKED
FROM WALL
TO WALL AND ---

WATCH OUT! THE CEILING'S CRACKING.
IT'S GOING TO FALL!



WHERE WASN'T MUCH PLESH ON THE
HAND---JUST ENOUGH TO HOLD THE
BONES TOGETHER, JUST ENOUGH TO
POINT AN ACCUSING FINGER...SUDDEN-
LY IT WAS TOO MUCH...GABBLING WITH
FEAR, TOM MASON BROKE AND RAN!

LET ME OUT!
LET ME OUT
OF THIS HOUSE
BEFORE I
GO MAD!

I THINK WE'D
BETTER CALL
THE POLICE!

A SHAME, WASN'T IT, THAT GIL
HAD TO SPOIL THE WEDDING?
TOO BAD, YOU MISSED ALL THE
FUN. BUT STILL, WE'LL TRY TO
MAKE IT UP TO YOU. THERE'LL
BE PLENTY OF ENTERTAINMENT
---AT THE HANGING.



THIS MAGAZINE IS HAUNTED

MONSTERS OF THE DEEP

IT'S JEFF CORBY! HE'S
RETURNED WITH HIS NEW
FRIENDS --- TO DEVOUR US
ALL!

QUICK! CUT TH'
CIVVING BELL LOOSE!
IT'S THE ONLY WAY
TO SAVE THE SHIP!

AN OMINOUSLY
STORMY NIGHT WAS
BREWING AS THE OLD
SCHOONER 'NEW BEDFORD' CAST
OFF HER MOORINGS FROM A TINY,
ROCK-SOUND FISHING PIER ...

HEAVE AWAY ON THOSE
SAILS, LADS! WE'VE GOT
TO CLEAR THE REEFS
AHEAD OR WE'LL CRASH!

WE'LL GET THE
CANVAS UP, CAP'N
MARLIN! YOU TEND
TO THE HELM...

LEGEND OF LOST LAKE

By Jess Cole

66 **A**H, YES, my friends. It was just such a night that Amie Heville returned from a visit to her aick sweetheart—a wild desolate night with the wind howling down from tha hills!"

In tha tiny north woods' cabin Pierra Manton pauaed in his harrowing tala. Outside, the wind walled across the icy wasteland of Lost Lake, Near the fire old Leon Garreaux, Pierre's partner, stared glumly at their gueat, Paul Dennis. The young man wes engrossed in Pierre'a story.

"It was lu the middle of the lake that tha tragedy occurred," continued Pierre. "A weak spot in the ica and Amie wasa wa plunged into tha freezing watera. How pitifully she must havva scraamed, poor, haautiful Amie! How she must havva clawed at the ica in her last momental. But there wasa no one to hear—no ona to help!"

Pierre's voice dropped to a whisper. "And now on dark lonely nights a wanderer may sometimes see Amie's agonized face beneath the ice, her fingers clawing, fighting to 'get free. But he muat not pause, our wanderer. For if he would try to help 'she would drsg him to his death, down into the dark waters of Lost Lake!"

There was a long moment of eeria silence and then Paul Dennis arose. "I've got to leave now, boys. It's a long walk to my cabin across the Iske." With a grin he extracted a green-hack from his wallet and put it on the table. "You're really making my vacation worthwhile, Pierra. These stories you're telling me will be sensational in my collection of ghost stories. But you will admit this laat one is pratty hard to believa."

Pierra hunched his huge shouolders and buried his face in his hands. "You may believa this one, Monsieur," he said sadly. "For I wasa tba swaathart Amie visited that night!"

In tha flickering firelight Dennis stood for a long frozan instant. Whan ha spoke his voice wasa husky with emotion. "I'm sorry, Pierra. It was a thoughtless ramark. I didn't know." He turned slowly and walked out into tha night.

Even as the door closed old Leon turned on Pierra with a grimace of disgust. "Sacre! But you ars a fool to tell such stories, Pierre. You never had a sweetheart called Amie. And tbere is no ghost in Loat Lske."

Pierre roared with laughter as he picked the greenback up from the table. "And what do I care for truth or lies? Our friend wantad a story and was willing to psy for it!"

"But to tell aich a mad tale . . ." Old Leon shuddered. ". . . And then to take money for it. I tell you it is evil to invent stories like that. I say you tamper with things you don't understand."

"And I say you are a superatitious fool, Garreaux. You begin to weary me." Pierre advanced menacingly and Leon hacked away.

It was in that momant that a scream echoed through the night—a cry of such despair that even the howling wind paused to listen!

"It csme from the lake!" rasped Pierre.

"Morbile! It must be thst young fool Dennis! Come, quickly!"

There was no moon. It took them long precious moments to find the deadly break in the ice and the body of Paul Dennis floating face down in the dark waters. Pierre stared at the axe lying on the nearby snow. "The fool," ha growled. "What did he do that for?"

"Never mind that," snapped Garreaux. "Help me get him out. He may still have a chance!"

And then, as they hauled the limp form onto the ice, the old man's face went pale with fear. "Look there," he croaked hoarsely! "That face in the water—beneath the ice!"

Pierre glanced down. Was it a shadow, or was it the terror-stricken, desperate face of a girl staring back at him from beneath the surface? With sudden determination Pierra tore his eyes away. "Sacre! You sicken me with your stupid superstitions!" But as he helped carry Dennis awsy his eyes turned involuntarily backward to the ominous gap in the ice.

But there was little they could do for Paul Dennis. Even as they arrived in his cabin tha spark of life was flickering for the last time. The shock of his exposure had been far too

Legend Of Lost Lake

— f : —

severe and it took but a glance to see that death held him in its remorseless clutches. Only once did his eyes open and Pierre Manton turned away from the mad demoniacal light he saw in them. Only once did he speak but Pierre wished he had not heard those delirious words.

"Amie . . . There under the ice . . . Struggling . . . Begging me to save her . . . But she dragged me down—down . . . As the portent of those words struck him the blood drained from Pierre's face. On the cot Dennis' body shuddered and went limp.

Garreaux arose slowly, a hysterical light in his eyes, his fists clenched. "It's all your fault. I warned you not to tell such stories! I warned you not to dabble with things you did not understand, but you laughed!"

Pierre shrugged. "Stop your screeching. Am I to blame if the fool believed that stupid tale?" He turned and searched briefly through the wet clothes they had stripped off the dead man. As he extracted a water-soaked wallet he grinned! "Ah! He will have no more use for this, our young friend."

In an instant Garreaux was upon him. "Beast! Have you not done enough? Robbing the dead—it is the most unforgivable of crimes!"

For an instant Pierre tottered under the old man's rush and then he crashed to the ground. He arose in murderous fury. "So! You would interfere with Pierre Manton!"

Mad with rage he charged Garreaux, his great arms swinging bearlike from his body. For a moment the old man resisted and then the great fists battered him down. Again and again Pierre's heavy hoots drove home murderously until at last, with a long shuddering groan, Garreaux lay lifeless in a corner.

As his rage died Pierre stared about him in fear. There were two dead men in the cabin now. The devil only knew what questions the police would ask. He would have to leave Lost Lake at once. Perhaps, with a break, he would have a week's start before the bodies were discovered.

Pierre was calm and confident as he left the cabin. He knew exactly what he had to do. Across the lake was his own cabin. There he would pack his clothes and supplies for the

getaway. But as he started across the ice he felt his calm self-possession melt away. Slowly, fearfully, panic rose within him.

Halfway across the lake he knew he was being followed. Someone was pursuing him. Someone called to him, soundlessly, as if from some unknown and unfathomable world. Pierre looked back. There was nothing behind him but the night, immense, silent and forbidding.

And then he saw it—the swift fleeting shadow beneath the ice—a shadow slowly taking shape! A face was molded around eyes that were mad pools of terror, a mouth twisted in a hideous scream. Hands clawed at the ice with mad desperation!

Fear engulfed Pierre Manton — the black hopeless fear of a soul confronted with unnameable evil. "No! It cannot be!" he croaked hoarsely. "It is impossible!"

And yet with dread certainty he knew it was possible. It was Amie, the spectral lover he had created for Paul Dennis! This was the ghostly sweetheart who had perished in the black and forbidding waters of Lost Lake! And in that moment Manton could hear old Leon's voice echo in the dark corridors of his mind. "I warned you, Pierre! You were dabbling with things you did not understand. I warned you!"

Quaking with fear Pierre backed away from that horror beneath the ice, and as he wretched, the lips formed his name as if calling him. "Pierre—Pierre! Help me!"

He never saw the hole in the ice behind him until it was too late. With a wild scream Pierre felt himself failing, felt the freezing waters engulf him as he plunged downward! For a mad, desperate moment he clawed insanely at the ice above him and then the heavy boots were dragging him down—down! And in the last moment of his life Pierre Manton felt the icy arms twine lovingly about his neck, and he felt the cold clammy kiss of dead lips as a ghostly voice whispered, "Pierre—my Pierra!"

A H, YES, now there is truth in the legend of a face beneath the ice of Lost Lake, a face that men see on lonely nights when the wind howls across the frozen wasteland. But the face that pleads silently for help, peering helplessly through the imprisoning ice is that of the eternally damned Pierra Manton!

THE END

THIS MAGAZINE IS HAUNTED

THERE ! WE'RE OUT OF THE HARBOR ! IT'LL BE CLEAR SAILING TO THE NEWFOUNDLAND FISHING BANKS !

JEFF ! WHAT'S THE MATTER ? YOU LOOK WORRIED AND GLOOMY. ARE YOU SEASICK ?

N-NO, NOT EXACTLY ! I JUST HAVE A TERRIBLE FEELING THAT THIS VOYAGE IS A MISTAKE --- THAT IT CAN ONLY END IN DISASTER ...

I KNOW THAT THIS WILL BE OUR FIRST BIG CHANCE TO TEST OUR NEW DIVING BELL, AND THAT WE'RE LUCKY TO HAVE CAP'N MARLIN'S SCHOONER TO GO OUT IN ! BUT STILL I--- I WISH WE HAD NEVER DECIDED TO MAKE THE TRIP !

Suddenly...

IT'S A COAST GUARD CUTTER, BARLOW, AND IT'S COMING STRAIGHT AT US !

A LIGHT ! BUT WHOSE--

WHAT'S UP, LIEUTENANT ?

WE'RE SEARCHING FOR A BUNCH OF SEAGOING HIGHWAYMEN --- THE MALET GANG ! THEY'VE ROBBED A LUXURY YACHT AND STOLEN A FORTUNE IN DIAMONDS ! WE'VE GOT ORDERS TO SEARCH EVERY SHIP IN THESE WATERS FOR THEM ...

WE HUNT REVEALS NOTHING !

WE'RE HEADING UP TO THE NEWFOUNDLAND FISHING BANKS ON A DIVING EXPEDITION. NOT LIKELY THAT WE'LL SEE THEM THERE !

I DIDN'T THINK WE'D FIND ANY TRACE OF THEM ON YOUR SCHOONER, CAP'N MARLIN ! BUT WATCH OUT FOR THEM ! THEY'RE LED BY ACE MALET, AND THEY'RE HEAVILY ARMED AND DANGEROUS !

NOT LIKELY---BUT POSSIBLE ! GOOD LUCK !

THIS MAGAZINE IS HAUNTED

Days later, over the Newfoundland banks...

AT LAST! AND IT'S A CALM DAY! WE CAN BEGIN DIVING AND PHOTOGRAPH THE OCEAN FLOOR!

RIGHT! I'LL BEGIN GETTING THE DIVING BELL READY!

HMM! LOOK DOWN THERE! THOSE REEFS ARE SO CLOSE TO THE SURFACE---AND SEE THEIR COLORS AND SHAPES! LET'S DROP ANCHOR! WE'LL BEGIN OUR DIVING HERE!



NO! NOT HERE! ANYWHERE IN THE OCEAN... BUT NOT NEAR DEAD MAN'S REEF!



THESE REEFS USED TO ATTRACT MANY SHIPS IN THE OLD WHALING DAYS, BARLOW! THEY CAME CLOSE... TOO CLOSE! MANY CRASHED WITH ALL HANDS DROWNING! AND THOSE WHO SURVIVED SAID THAT STRANGE CREATURES, DEEP SEA MONSTERS, USED TO COME UP TO THE SURFACE TO DEVOUR THE DROWNED SAILORS...



...OVER THE CENTURIES, THEY ATE SO MUCH HUMAN FLESH THAT THEY GROW TO RESEMBLE THE MEN THEY SOUGHT! WHEN A MONSTER ATE A MAN, IT TURNED TO LOOK LIKE HIM AT ONCE! THEY GAINED AN EVIL CUNNING, AND THEY HUNTED IN PACKS...



BAH! JUST A LOT OF SUPERSTITIOUS NONSENSE, CAP'N! JEFF, YOU'VE GOT A DIVING SUIT! WANT TO GO DOWN AND PROVE TO HIM THAT IT'S JUST A LOT OF OLD WIVES' TALES?



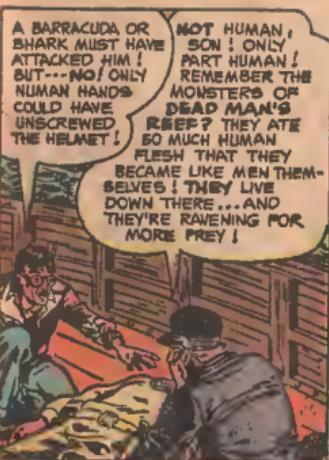
DON'T DO IT, CORBY! I---I TELL YOU, MY FATHER AND BROTHER WERE BOTH VICTIMS OF THESE MONSTERS!

JEFF CORBY HESITATES! THEN, DRIVEN BY THE ACID SCORN IN BARLOW'S VOICE, HE YIELDS!



ALL RIGHT! IT---IT MUST BE NONSENSE AS YOU SAY, RANCE! I'M A SCIENTIST---AND I DON'T BELIEVE IN UNDERWATER MONSTERS! I'LL DIVE AND PROVE THE OCEAN FLOOR

THIS MAGAZINE IS HAUNTED



THIS MAGAZINE IS HAUNTED

TH' CREATURES! THEY'RE ATTACKING! QUICK, BARLOW! WITH YOUR KNIFE, SLASH THESE ROPES!



THERE! THEY'VE PLUMMETED BACK INTO THE WATER AGAIN---WHERE THEY BELONG!

YEAH CAP'N, DID YOU SEE THEM? I'M GONE OUT OF MY MIND! ONE OF THEM, THE LEADER, HAD A FACE JUST LIKE JEFF CORBY!

IT'S ALL TRUE---WHAT YOU TOLD US! THE MONSTER THAT CAUSE JEFF'S HEAD HAS COME TO LOOK JUST LIKE HIM, AND THEY WANT MORE FLESH! THEY'LL ATTACK AGAIN---EVERY CHANCE THEY GET! WE'VE GOT TO ESCAPE FROM HERE...

QUICK! HOIST ANCHOR! WE'RE LEAVING DEAD MAN'S REEF!



LOOK! A SCHOONER DEAD AHEAD! HEAD FOR IT, FERRIS!

CHECK! WE'VE GOT TO GET OFF THIS SINKING TUB!



STAND ASIDE, MISTER! WE'RE COMING ON DECK!

THIS MAGAZINE IS HAUNTED

YOU GENTS DIDN'T THINK YOU OWNED THIS SHIP, DID YOU? CAUSE WE'RE TAKING OVER ---RIGHT NOW!



I KNOW WHO YOU MUST BE! YOU'RE ACE MALET AND THIS IS YOUR GANG OF OCEAN CUTTHROATS! THE COAST GUARD IS SEARCHING FOR YOU!

YOU'RE RIGHT, OLD TIMER! THEY'RE AFTER THESE JEWELS I STOLE!! IN FACT, THEY'RE SO CLOSE ON OUR TRAIL THAT THEY SHOT UP OUR BOAT THIS MORNING! IT'S SINKING, SO WE'VE GOT TO FIND ANOTHER WAY TO ESCAPE...



WE'LL HIDE OUT ON THIS OLD TUB AND IF THE LAW TRIES TO SEARCH IT, WE'LL GUN THEM DOWN!

HOLD ON,

ACE! I SEE THAT DIVING BELL! LET'S HIDE IN IT AND HAVE THESE LUGS LOWER US OVER THE SIDE!



WE CAN LEAVE RED ON DECK! HE'LL TRAIN HIS TOMMY GUN ON THEM TO MAKE SURE THEY DON'T PULL ANY TRICKS! WE'LL BE SAFE AND SNUG DOWN UNDER THE OCEAN, AND RED CAN HIDE UNDER A LIFEBOAT! THEY'LL NEVER SPOT HIM!



NO, YOU CAN'T DO THAT, MALET!

THERE ARE CREATURES DOWN THERE ---MONSTERS THAT ARE HALF HUMAN!

THEY'D BREAK INTO THE DIVING BELL AND EAT YOU ALIVE! IT WOULD BE SUICIDE!!



STOP TRYING TO HOAX ME WITH A LOT OF LIES! STAND CLEAR!

NO! WE WON'T LET YOU! YOU'VE GOT TO LET US SAIL THE SHIP OUT OF HERE ---OR WE'LL ALL DIE!



ALL RIGHT! YOU ASKED FOR IT! BUT WE WON'T ALL DIE! JUST YOU...



THEY'RE DEAD, BOSS... DID--- DID YOU HAVE TO DO THAT?

OF COURSE I DID, YOU POOL! IF WE PLAN TO GET AWAY WITH THESE STOLEN JEWELS, WE CAN'T TAKE ANY CHANCES. THEY'D HAVE BETRAYED US SOONER OR LATER.

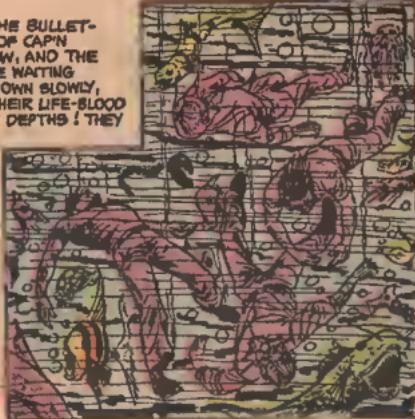


THIS MAGAZINE IS HAUNTED

NOW, LET'S HEAVE THEM OVER THE SIDE! THEY'LL DISAPPEAR IN THE OCEAN AND NO ONE WILL BE THE WISER! THEN WE CAN PUT OUR PLAN INTO ACTION...



SO, ONE BY ONE, THE BULLET-RIDDLED BODIES OF CAPTAIN MARLIN, RANCE BARLOW, AND THE SAILORS SINK INTO THE WAITING OCEAN! THEY DRIFT DOWN SLOWLY, AND THE SCENT OF THEIR LIFE-BLOOD EDDIES THROUGH THE DEPTHS! THEY ARE AWAITED...



ON DECK... ALL RIGHT, RED! ARE YOU SURE YOU KNOW HOW TO HANDLE THAT WINDBABS?

I RECKON SO! IT LOOKS SIMPLE ENOUGH, ACE...



RIGHT! I GET A BIG LAUGH WHEN I THINK ABOUT THAT OLD PHONY WARNING US ABOUT UNDERWATER MONSTERS! WE'D BE SICKERS TO FALL FOR THAT KIND OF LINE...



HEAR THAT? SOMETHING IS OUTSIDE THE DIVING BELL!



AAAHHH! L--LOOK OUTSIDE, FERRIS!

MONSTERS! TH-THEY LOOK LIKE THE SCIENTISTS AND OLD CAPTAIN MARLIN! THEY'RE TURNING THE HATCH...TRYING TO GET IN!

THIS MAGAZINE IS HAUNTED

CAP'N MARLIN'S WORDS OF PROPHETIC DOOM HAVE COME TRUE! DEVOURED BY THE REPELLENT MONSTERS -- HE AND THE SCIENTISTS HAVE RETURNED IN THEIR SHAPE! A SINGLE CRAVING DRIVES THE CREATURES OF DEAD MAN'S REEF... THE INSATIABLE HUNGER FOR HUMAN FLESH!! SINISTER TENTACLES SEIZE THE HATCH...



BUT THE LINES FOUL EACH OTHER... AND THE WINDLASS WILL NOT WORK!



ON THEY SWARM, TENTACLE-ARMS WRITHING IN ANTICIPATION OF A RICH FEAST!



AS ACE MALET STUMBLIES BACKWARD IN TERROR, HIS SHOULDER TRIPS THE SHUTTER OF AN AUTOMATIC CAMERA IN THE DIVING BELL! THEN THE MONSTERS ARE UPON HIM!!



THIS MAGAZINE IS HAUNTED



THIS MAGAZINE IS HAUNTED

ALS THE POWERFUL LIGHT PLAYS ON THE MONSTERS, THEY STRUGGLE BACK, BENEATH THE OCEAN SURFACE, EVERYTHING HAD BEEN DARK AND GLOOMY! THE BEAM PENETRATES THEIR BRAIN CENTERS, BLINDING AND HURTING THEM! ONE BY ONE THEY REACH THE RAIL AND DIVE INTO THE OCEAN...



LOOK! THEY'RE VANISHING! DISAPPEARING INTO THE OCEAN!

THE COAST GUARDSMEN QUICKLY BOARD THE SCHOONER...

THERE'S NOT A TRACE OF THOSE CREATURES LEFT, SIR! AND ONLY THIS MAN! HE LOOKS LIKE THE THUG IN MALET'S GANG, THAT THEY CALLED "RED"...

...EXCEPT THAT HIS HAIR IS STARK WHITE, AND HE'S BABBLING LIKE AN IDIOT!



NEXT MORNING, IN THE CLEAR LIGHT OF THE DAY...

HERE COMES THE DIVING BELL, SIR! NOW MAYBE WE'LL GET AT THE SECRET OF WHAT HAPPENED TO THE CREW OF THE "NEW BEDFORD" AND TO MALET AND FERRIS.

HMM! THE ESCAPE HATCH IS OPEN...



NOT A SIGN OF ANYONE INSIDE, SIR, EXCEPT THIS SATCHEL!

LET'S SEE---GREAT SCOTT! THIS CONTAINS THE JEWELS STOLEN BY MALET'S GANG! SO THEY WERE IN ON THIS!



THAT'S THE ONLY CLUE---EXCEPT FOR THIS BIG AUTOMATIC CAMERA, SIR! THE BATTERY WAS THROWN, AND IT'S A SELF-DEVELOPER! MAYBE THERE'S A PICTURE INSIDE THAT WOULD TELL US WHAT HAPPENED...

RIGHT! WE'LL TAKE A LOOK!



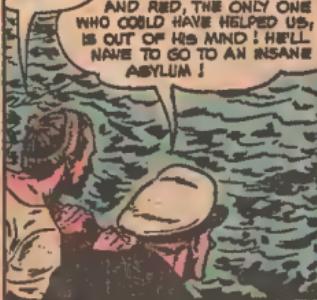
FOR A MOMENT, THE COAST GUARD OFFICER'S FINGERS HOLD A STRANGE PICTURE. BUT THEN A GUST OF WIND THROWS A WAVE HIGH! IT CATCHES THE PHOTOGRAPH...



THERE IT GOES, SIR! IT'S STARTING TO SINK! DID YOU SEE IT?

NO! WE'LL NEVER KNOW WHETHER IT WOULD HAVE TOLD US MORE ABOUT THOSE WEIRD MONSTERS WE SAW---OR, THOUGHT---WE SAW---LAST NIGHT!

AND RED, THE ONLY ONE WHO COULD HAVE HELPED US, IS OUT OF HIS MIND! HE'LL HAVE TO GO TO AN INSANE ASYLUM!



BUT WE SAW IT, DEAR READER, DIDN'T WE? WE KNOW WHAT HAPPENED, JUST AS THE SEA KNOWS!!

THIS MAGAZINE IS HAUNTED



IT BEGAN ON A MORNING WHEN THE MEN OF THE LUMBER TOWN OF LETROIS STRODE INTO THE FOREST AS USUAL! BIG MEN, PRIMITIVE MEN---LUMBER-JACKS WHOSE AXE BLADES GLEAMED IN THE MORNING SUN!

SEE YOU AT SUNDOWN, HENRI!

OUI! AU VOUR. PAUL!



BUT AMONG THEM WAS ONE JACQUE DUSAC, AND HIS SOUL KNEW ONLY AN EVIL FEAR THAT HE TRIED DESPERATELY TO CONCEAL FROM HIS FRIENDS!

JACQUE, I ASK YOU AGAIN, WHAT HAS HAPPENED TO THE MONEY FOR THE FARM? I GAVE YOU MY LIFE'S SAVINGS---HALF THE MONEY YOU SAID WE NEEDED TO BUY A LITTLE MINK FARM! MY LIFE'S SAVINGS, JACQUE!

Shhh, PIERRE! THE WOODS HAVE EARS! THIS IS OUR SECRET UNTIL WE ARE READY TO QUIT!



THE SALE IS GOING ALL RIGHT! PIERRE! MEET ME AT OUR USUAL PLACE BY THE OLD OAK IN HALF AN HOUR! I'LL TELL YOU MORE THERE!

BEEN PATIENT LONG ENOUGH!



THIS MAGAZINE IS HAUNTED

PIERRE WALKED ON AND JACQUE DUSAC'S SHOULDERS DROPPED! THE LIPS THAT HAD SO READY A SMILE BECAME A THIN LINE AND ALREADY DEATH WAS AN INVISIBLE CLOAK ABOUT HIM!

I CAN'T PUT HIM OFF ANY LONGER! IF HE FINDS I SPENT ALL THE MONEY OH MYSELF, HE'LL HAVE ME JAILED! THERE'S ONLY ONE WAY TO KEEP HIM FROM LEARNING THE TRUTH! I'VE PLANNED CAREFULLY--- EVERYTHING IS READY!

DUSAC BEGAN TO HURRY THROUGH THE FOREST, BUT SUDDENLY HE HALTED! THROUGH THE WOODS CAME THE LOUD, CLEAR CALL, THE TRADITIONAL LUMBERJACK'S CRY OF WARNING, AND HE SAW A FOREST GIANT BEGUN TO TOPPLE!



THE GREAT TREE CRASHED TO THE GROUND AND DUSAC HURRIED ON! SOON HE STOOD BEFORE ANOTHER HUGE TREE READY FOR TOPPLING! HIS HANDS UP ON THE AXE QUIVERED DESPITE HIMSELF!

JUST ONE MORE BLOW AND SHE FALLS!



NOW TO SEE IF HE'S AT THE SPOT YET! AH, YES---HE WAITS THERE FOR ME!



ALL RIGHT, NOW FALL!



THE AXE CHOPPED GLEANLY WITH A MIGHTY BLOW AND SLOWLY, THEN WITH GATHERING SPEED, THE HUGE TREE TOPPLED! AND JACQUE DUSAC GAVE NO TRADITIONAL CRY OF WARNING! FROM HIS LIPS CAME ONLY A HORSE WHISPER OF EXULTATION!



HIS VOICE IT HAS WORKED! HE IS FINISHED! HE WILL BE CRUSHED TO BITS! BUT I MUST BE SURE

KARASH!
AIEEEEE... UUH!



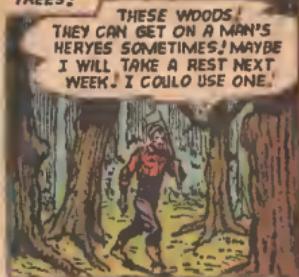
THIS MAGAZINE IS HAUNTED

YES -- THERE HE IS -- CRUSHED! WHEN HE IS FOUND IT WILL BE CALLED AN ACCIDENT! MANY A LUMBERJACK HAS MET DEATH BY JUST SUCH 'ACCIDENTS'!

I WILL GO BACK TO WORK NOW AND AT SUNDOWN GO TO TOWN AS USUAL. NO ONE WILL QUESTION PIERRE'S ABSENCE TILL IT GROWS LATE! THEN THEY'LL SEARCH THE WOODS AND FIND HIM! IT IS PERFECT!

JACQUE DUSAC LEFT THE CRUSHED BODY AND RETURNED TO WORK! THE FOREST WAS UNUSUALLY STILL; NOT EVEN A SQUIRREL CHATTERED! IT WAS THE COMPLETE, TOTAL SILENCE OF DEATH, AND AS THE DAY DREW TO A CLOSE, DUSAC WAS GLAD TO LEAVE THE SILENT TREES!

THESE WOODS. THEY CAN GET ON A MAN'S HERVEY SOMETIMES! MAYBE I WILL TAKE A REST NEXT WEEK. I COULD USE ONE.



THE LUMBERJACK FOUND THE TOWN NOISY AND LUSTY AS ALWAYS, BUT THE HAPPENINGS OF THE DAY CLUNG TO HIM WITH A PERSISTENT, GNAWING FEAR HE COULD NOT SHAKE OFF! HIS HANDS CONTINUED TO QUIVER STRANGELY AND SO...

AH! RENE, MON AMI! BON SOIR -- BON SOIR!

I AM TOO MUCH ON EDGE! PERHAPS A STOP AT THE TAVERN WILL HELP!



DUSAC STARTED TO PUSH OPEN THE TAVERN DOORS WHEN SUDDENLY HIS BREATH STOPPED AND HIS BLOOD CONGELED IN HIS VEINS!

NO...NO! IT...IT CANNOT BE!



THIS MAGAZINE IS HAUNTED

BUT THERE HE IS! MAYBE -- MAYBE THE
TREE DIDN'T KILL HIM! YET I -- I SAW
HIM LYING THERE DEAD



SHOCKED
BEYOND
CLEAR
THOUGHT,
HIS MIND A
WHIRLPOOL
OF DOUBT
AND FEAR,
JACQUE
DUSAC
BEGAN
TO RUN
THROUGH
THE LAST
GLIMMER OF
TWILIGHT,
RACING FOR
THE DEEP
DARK OF
THE GREEN
FOREST!

I--I'LL GO BACK TO THE FOREST AND
SEE AGAIN FOR MYSELF! PERHAPS MY
EYES PLAY TRICKS ON ME



THE NIGHT
HAD ALREADY
THROWN ITS
BLACK CLOAK
OVER THE
FOREST
WHEN
DUSAC
WALKED
INTO THE WOODS
WITH A
MIND
HALF-CRAZED
WITH
FEAR!

I MUST FIND THE SPOT!
IN THE NIGHT THE FOREST IS A
STRANGE PLACE! EVEN THE
TREES LOOK DIFFERENT!
THEIR BRANCHES SEEM TO
REACH OUT FOR ME!



EVEN AS HE SPOKE WITH A THROAT OF QUIVERING FEAR, DUSAC SUDDENLY FOUND HIMSELF HELD BY THE BRANCHES OF A FOREST GIANT! THE ARMS OF WOOD HELD HIM IN A VISE-LIKE GRIP!

I--I CANNOT MOVE!
LET ME GO.



LET ME GO, DO YOU HEAR?
I--I'LL MAKE YOU
LET GO!

I--(GASP)--I'LL MAKE
YOU!.... THERE!

THEY--THEY SEEMED ALIVE
THE WAY THEY HELD ME!
I--I MUST FIND THE PLACE
AND GET OUT OF HERE!



THIS MAGAZINE IS HAUNTED

DUSAC TURNED TO MURRY DN, BUT NOW HIS BLOOD TURNED TO WATER! BEFORE HIM A STRANGE, WAITH-LIKE FIGURE STOOD AND SPOKE TO HIM! DUSAC'S VOICE WAS BUT A SEPULCHRE-LIKE WHISPER!

NO, DUSAC... YOU WILL NOT LEAVE THE FOREST ALIVE!

N-N-NO---NO!
IT... IT IS
IMPOSSIBLE!

YOU HAVE BROUGHT TREACHERY AND MURDER TO SULLY THE GLEAN FOREST! YOU MUST DIE, DUSAC!

NO---I-I'LL
FINISH YOU
ONCE AND FOR ALL!

I'LL KILL YOU---
I'LL KILL YOU!



THE FURIOS AXE BLOWS
CARRIED QUICKLY THROUGH
THE TREE AND SUDDENLY
DUSAC HEARD THE CRACK OF
A FALLING TREE! BUT IN
INDAOR HE SAW IT FALLING
FORWARD ATOP HIM! THE
WAITHLIKE FIGURE VANISHED
AWAY BEFORE HIS EYES AND
NOW...



SO IT WAS
THAT BY
DAWN THE
MEN OF THE
MILL TOWN
FOUND THE
TWO MEN
CRUSHED
BENEATH
THE TREES,
SEEMINGLY
TWIN
TRAGEDIES!
THEY SPOKE
IN HUSHED
TONES,
UNAWARE OF
THE STRANGE
WAYS IN
WHICH FATE
PAYS BACK
THE EVIL
IN MEN'S
HEARTS!

POOR DUSAC--AND PIERRE!
WHAT A TRAGEDY! TODAY
OF ALL DAYS, PIERRE'S
SEEN EACH
OTHER IN
TO PRY A SURPRISE
VISIT!
PIERRE NEVER
TOLD ANYONE HE
EVEN HAD A TWIN
BROTHER! YES--A
TRAGEDY, ALL RIGHT!
AH--C'EST
LA VIE!

I WILL TRAIN YOU AT HOME FOR GOOD PAY JOBS IN RADIO-TELEVISION

J. E. SMITH has trained more men for
Radio-Television than any other man.

America's Fast Growing Industry Offers You

I TRAINED THESE MEN



LOST JOB NOW HAS OWN SHOP
"Got laid off my machine shop job which I held over winter. I never even imagined when I opened a full time Radio Shop, business is picking up every week!" — E. W. H. Austin, Colorado, Texas.

GOOD PAY WITH STATION
"I am Broadcast Engineer at WPLM. Another technician and I have opened a Radio-TV Service shop on spare time. Bill TV sets here — more work than we can handle!" — J. H. Bangs, Suffolk, Va.

TIME IN THE WEEK SPARE TIME
"Four months after enrolling in NRI course, was able to service Radios — averaged \$10 to \$15 a week spare time. Now the full time Business in TV business." — William Wayde, Brooklyn, New York.

AVAILABLE TO VETERANS UNDER G.I. BILLS

WANT YOUR OWN BUSINESS?

Let me show you how you can be your own boss. Many NRI-trained men start their own business with capital amounts as little as \$100. Robert Bobb, New Penguin, Minn., who stores are shown at right, says: "Am now 'tied in' with two Television outlets and do over 1000 sets a week for dealers. Often fall back on NRI textbooks for information."



Television Is Today's Good Job Maker

TV now reaches from coast-to-coast. Quality for a good job as a service technician or operator. My course includes many lessons on TV. You get practical experience . . . work with the latest in Radio and Television with my kits. Now is the time to get ready for success in Television!

1. EXTRA MONEY IN SPARE TIME

Many students make \$5, \$10 a week and more EXTRA fixing neighbors' Radios in spare time while learning the day you enroll I start sending you SPECIAL BOOKLETS that show you how. Tester you build with kits I send helps you make extra money servicing sets, gives practical experience on circuits common to Radio and Television. All equipment is yours to keep.

2. GOOD PAY JOB

NRI Courses lead to these and many other jobs: Radio and TV service, P.A., Auto Radio, Lab, Factory, and Electronic Controls Technicians, Radio and TV Broadcasting, Police, Ship and Airways Operators and Technicians. Opportunities are increasing. The United States has over 105 million Radios—over 2,900 Broadcasting Stations—more expansion is on the way.

3. BRIGHT FUTURE

Think of the opportunities in Television. Over 15,000,000 TV sets are now in use; 108 TV stations are operating and 1800 new TV stations have been authorized . . . many of them expected to be in operation in 1953. This means more jobs—good pay jobs with bright futures. More operators, installation service technicians will be needed. Now is the time to get ready for a successful future in TV! Find out what Radio and TV offer you.

2 FREE BOOKS
SHOW HOW
MAIL COUPON

You Learn Servicing or Communications by Practicing With Kits I Send

Keep your job while training at home. Hundreds I've trained are now Radio-TELEVISION Technicians. Most had no previous experience; many no more than grammar school education. Learn Radio-Television principles from illustrated lessons. You also get PRACTICAL EXPERIENCE. Pictured at right is a radio receiver with parts of equipment you build with kits of parts I send. You experiment with, learn circuits common to Radio and Television.



This Is Just Some
of the Equipment My
Students Build. My
Parts Years to Keep.

Good for Both—FREE

Mr. J. E. SMITH, President, Dept. 2823
National Radio Institute, Washington 9, D. C.
Mail me Sample Lesson and 64-page Book,
FREE. (No salesman will call. Please
write plainly.)

Name _____ Age _____

Address _____

City _____ Zone _____ State _____

VETS write in date
of discharge _____

The ABC's of SERVICING

How to Be a
Success in
RADIO-
TELEVISION

Mail Coupon—Find out what RADIO-
TELEVISION Can Do for You

Act Now! Send for my FREE
DOUBLE OFFER Coupon entitled
"How to Be a Success in Radio-Television."
Shows how you learn at home. You'll
also receive my 81-page book, "How
to Be a Success in Radio-Television."
Send coupon in envelope or paste on
separate sheet and mail to: NRI, Pres.,
Dept. 2823
National Radio Institute,
Washington 9, D. C. Our 39th Year.

GET PRIZES...MAKE MONEY

I want to give you choices of a valuable
talism, an archery set, new golden trumpet,
any of the 70 BIG PRIZES in my 28-page
catalog. Many prizes are given without cost,
for mailing just one order of 48 packets of
American Seeds at the price per pack.



"Uncle" Harry Bond, the man who has
been helping boys and girls earn
prizes and extra cash for 25 years.

NEW, GOLDEN
TRUMPET,
GIVEN FOR
SELLING ONE
ORDER

JEAN, SEE THIS AD
OF THE AMERICAN
SEED CO. IT'S
AN EASY WAY TO
KNOW LOTS
OF PEOPLE
WHO PLANT
SEEDS

YES, BOBBY, WE NEED
GARDEN SEEDS, ILL BUY
SIX PACKS
HERE'S THE MAILMAN

IT WAS FUN AND EASY
WHY DON'T YOU FELLOWS
SEND THE COUPON TODAY
TO SELL OUR SEEDS AND
PRIZES

THIS IS A NEAT CAMERA
WHY DON'T YOU FELLOWS
SEND THE COUPON TODAY
TO SELL OUR SEEDS AND
PRIZES

BE FIRST IN YOUR NEIGHBORHOOD
Everybody wants American Seeds —
they're fresh and ready to grow. You'll
sell them quickly to your family, friends
and neighbors and get your prize at once.
Thousands of boys and girls have been
earning prizes this easy way for 35 years.

Print coupon on postcard or mail in
envelope for your order of
American Seeds. When sold,
send us the money and choose
your prize. Or, keep \$1.60 in
cash for each 48-pack order
you sell. **SEND NO MONEY.**

AMERICAN SEED CO.
Dept. 403, Lancaster, Pa.

MAIL THIS COUPON Today!

AMERICAN SEED CO.
Dept. 403, Lancaster, Pennsylvania
Please send me your BIG PRIZE BOOK and one order
of 48 packets of Vegetable and Flower Seeds. I will resell
them at a price, send you the money, and choose
my prize.
Name _____
Address _____
Town _____
State _____

**MAIL THIS COUPON
TO WIN
SELL AMERICAN
SEEDS AND WIN PRIZES LIKE THESE**



GRAND PRIZE AWARDS
\$1,500 IN
PRIZES TO DIVIDE

**WITH A
SCHOOLBOY
CYCLE**

**1st PRIZE
\$1250
2nd PRIZE
\$1150
3rd PRIZE
\$1000**

**Everyone who American Seeds, ships
in my GRAND PRIZE AWARDS**

**one order of 48 packets of Vegetable
and Flower Seeds, and complete
catalog. No extra charge. No
money — we just mail the coupon on**

one order of American Seeds.

MR. FLOWERS!

DASY'S RED NYLON COWBOY CARRIAGE

**A fast-shooting 600 shot Air Rifle.
A fast-shooting 600 shot Air Rifle.
A fast-shooting 600 shot Air Rifle.
A fast-shooting 600 shot Air Rifle.**

**III Give You a Watch, Air Rifle, Uke,
Camera or Any of My 70 BIG PRIZES**

Just for Selling American Seeds to your Family, Friends and Neighbors

